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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

NUMBER 39.

For The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

WHAT IS LIFE?

I asked a hoary-headed man
Whose face was haggard, worn and wan,
Scared with the marks of many a strife,
If he could tell me what life is,
He sighed and drooped his wither'd head,
And leaning on his staff he said,
"Life is a scene of toil and pain,
"A search for pleasure or for gain,
"A few short years of joys and sorrows,
"A race to catch the bright to-morrows,
"A flickering flame, a transient gleam,
"A bubble passing down the stream,
"A flower doomed to swift decay—
"To bud and bloom and pass away.
"Life is the little space we crave
"Between the cradle and the grave,
"And soon we cross the little space
"And terminate the toilsome race;
"Then, wearied, we resign our breath,
"And life is swallowed up in death."
Such wretched living can't be life,
For who could bear thro' night to grope
Where there was no room to cheer his life?
Your life is death and cannot be
The life immortal craved by me.
I asked a saint, whose joyous face
Assured me of his inward grace,
If he could solve the question sought,
And satisfy my anxious thought,
A gleam of hope illumed his brow,
While with a reverential bow
He said: "The life to know the Lord
"And Christ, the true and living word
"The life of faith, or life divine
"Or everlasting life is mine
"The life to live a life of faith
"The life to triumph over death.
"He lives who knows his sins forgiven,
"He only lives who lives for heaven.
"There must be first a death of sin
"Before you have this life within
"But when the earnest you obtain,
"To live in Christ, to die is gain."
"I know this mortal house of clay
"Shall soon dissolve and pass away;
"Then my immortal soul shall rise
"To endless life beyond the skies."
Said I, if thus to live be life,
Then let me rush into the strife
And live to Him, whose grace divine,
Can quicken this dead soul of mine,
And give me life and conquering faith
To triumph over sin and death.

S. MOORE.

Quebec, Canada.

"DART, MAITLAND, DART & CO."

So the name stood upon the great
brass plate; and in these names had
the business of the bank been prudent
ly and profitably conducted, for as
many years as the majority of the in
habitants of Highborough could re
call.

The name of the firm was a passport
of trust and reliance, as well as a
prompt introduction to the first socie
ty of the country.

The chief clerk of the house was
Tom Leslie.

With his mother, a little old lady, as
hopeful, and cheerful, and trustful as
he was himself—Tom lived in a pretty
white cottage beyond the town; and
here he had flowers all the year round,
and birds, that sang in the gloomiest
weather, and a piano on which he was
no mean performer.

"Dart, Maitland, Dart & Co."

The names stood unaltered on the
great plate; yet—except the sleeping
partner, away in India now—each one
represented by that sign was perfectly
aware that a great alteration had been
growing in himself ever since Col. Con
nyngham and his daughter Isabel had
been living in Highborough. The
strong bank walls no longer limited his
hope and ambition. Beyond them
stood revealed a home of love, and ease,
and sunshine, brightly possible, and in
this future the only mission of the
good old bank was to furnish the home
with luxury.

It was a winter night. The bank
windows were bolted and barred, the
great books were locked in the trusty
safes, and the manager was asleep up
stairs, with the blunderbus beside his
bed. But in his brilliantly lighted draw
ing-room at home the senior partner
sat alone—a striking-looking man in
his evening dress, with the hot-house
flowers fading in his coat. The room
had been filled with guests up to this
time, but now Mr. Dart sat alone be
fore the fire, buried in a thought
which deepened minute by minute, un
til the door was opened, and Walter
Maitland re-entered the room he had
lately left.

"I could not help coming back," he
said, beginning hurriedly to speak, as
if the words forced themselves from
him in his nervous haste "There is
one thing about which I must speak
to you to-night—about which I have
wanted to speak to you a long time.
I feel"—he was leaning against the
chimney-piece opposite his friend, and
looking with intense scrutiny into his

quiet face—"that I have been dream
ing a dream which a word of yours
could at this moment dispel. Tell me
if there is a greater kindness than
your silence, though the kindness is
sure to be the motive of that. Tell
me at once, Dart. It cannot be very
pleasant to you to see my anxiety. You
are far too good a fellow to feel pleas
ure in that."

"What am I to tell you?" inquired
Maurice Dart, without meeting his
companion's eyes.

"Surely, you know. I said to my
self when I met Isabel here in your
house to-night, I would find out if my
fears were well grounded; and if I
could not discover, I would ask you
for the truth before I left. Dart, end
this wearing suspense on me. It has
been growing through all these months
side by side with my love, and has be
come unbearable at last."

Maurice raised his head now, and
met his companion's anxious, question
ing eyes.

"I am glad you have spoken, Mait
land," he said. "I have guessed at
your anxiety, while I have felt my own,
and I have often wished to break the
silence we have held on this one point.
I fancied you had something to tell me.
I fancied so, but now when I saw you
re-enter the room."

"Indeed, no," exclaimed Walter, with
his usual frankness. "I wish to Heav
en I had. I wish I dared to say that
Isabel had given me encouragement
enough to make me even hope. And
I could not ask her to—to love me
while I felt that you knew how useless
it would be."

"I do not know," returned Dart—
his words sounding very slow after
Walter's eagerness, yet all his self
command failing to hide their new
ring of hope. "Isabel has never heard
a word of love from me. She is gen
tle and kind, and willing always; but
I cannot read beyond."

"To me, too, she is bright and pleas
ant always," put in Maitland, restless
ly, "and I can discover nothing more.
I fancied you could put me out of one
phase of this uncertainty."

"And you are very glad to find I
cannot," said the elder partner.

And then their eyes met, with a
smile which was strangely wistful for
such strong and manly faces.

"Dart," said Mr. Maitland, "you are
the elder man—the richer—the better,
too. You shall speak first. Do it as
soon as you can."

"Seniority has no claim in such a
case as this," said the senior partner.
"We can wait."

"I can wait no longer," put in the
younger man, impatiently. "Anything
will be better than this suspense. Why
on earth should we wait? Isabel
knows us both thoroughly now. She
knows we are both too old for this
love of ours to be anything but deep
ly earnest. She knows enough of us
and our positions to make her decis
ion easy to her. So let us know the
worst, or—best. You have the right
to speak first."

"I will not take it," said Mr. Dart,
speaking more quickly than he had
yet done. "Let us write. Let us
write—together."

A few minutes silence, while Walter
thought this over—leaning his head
on the arm which rested on the chim
ney-piece.

"Let that be decided," urged Mau
rice. "We will write to-morrow. Let
her receive the two letters together,
that she may think of us together.
Promise me your letter shall be ready
for to-morrow's post."

"I promise," said Maitland, rising.
The fire roared and cracked cheer
ily in the private room at the bank,
but neither of the patrons had arrived.

"I never knew him so late," remark
ed Tom Leslie, as if finishing aloud a
puzzling conjecture.

"Who? Old Dart?"

"Mr. Dart—yes."

"Leslie feels it incumbent upon
him to uphold the dignity of his part
ners," put in another clerk. "His
breast swells proudly with a fellow
feeling."

"What an idle set you are this
morning!" remarked Tom, turning
from his desk with a quick, kindly
smile which made his face so pleasant
to look upon. "As soon as I am sen

ior partner I shall give you all a
sweeping dismissal."

The listeners laughed, enjoying the
absurdity of the idea; and one or two
questioned him, with mock anxiety, as
to the treat he intended to stand them
on the occasion.

Through all the laughter Tom pur
sued his work, and Dart noticed this
when he entered the bank, and though
it was but very curtly he answered
Tom's quiet greeting, yet before he
reached the inner door he turned and
spoke to him.

"Cool outside, Leslie. Keep up
good fires. It is hard," he muttered to
himself, "to pass him without a word."
Then Mr. Dart let the spring door
close behind him, and, sitting down
in his office chair, leaned on one arm
only—as very calm men do when they
are ill at ease, as well as tired.

He was sitting so, looking moodily
into the fire when Mr. Maitland en
tered the room. The senior partner
did not turn to greet him, and even
when Walter stood upon the rug be
side him he did not venture to meet
his eyes.

"Maurice," began the younger man,
"I suppose I may congratulate you.
It is rather hard, yet no one ought to
do it as heartily as I—I, who know
what a good fellow you are and what
—what a wife you have won."

A glance of surprise into his friend's
face, and then Mr. Dart spoke in a
few words, as was his custom:

"She has refused me, Maitland."

"Refused you!"

Walter repeated the words, though
not incredulously. Only truth, he knew,
could have weighted them so sadly.

"She has refused me, too," he said.
"She has never cared for me but as
a friend—simply and only as a friend."

"In a few kind words to me," said
Mr. Dart, without looking up; "she told
me she had given her love elsewhere.
I was trying, when you came in, to
prepare myself to tell you, 'I rejoice
in your happiness, and now you—you
come and say the same to me.'"

Buried in one long, sad thought,
the partners in the good old firm sat
in their silent room, while the work
and pleasure of the world went on
without. But the day's duties had to
be gone through, and they were not
the men to shun them selfishly.

"I suppose we had better settle
with Leslie about his holiday," re
marked Mr. Maitland that afternoon,
sending to summon Tom to the part
ners' room. "He will lose every
glimpse of summer if he waits longer."

"He should not have postponed his
holiday; he had his choice. Well,
Leslie, when do you wish to start?"
inquired the senior partner, when
Tom entered the room. "You said
about the middle of October, and this
is the 20th."

"Thank you, Mr. Dart, but if it
would make no difference, I would
rather take my holiday from the 29th."

"Then it is to be hoped you are go
ing on a visit," remarked Walter Mait
land, pleasantly; "for November days
are not the pleasantest for a tourist."

"I am not going on a tour, sir,"
Tom hesitated only a moment; then
both of his listeners were conscious
of a new earnestness in his voice:

"I should like to tell you, gentle
men, that I want my holiday then.
The twenty-ninth is to be my wed
ding day."

Mr. Dart returned quietly to his
writing. Mr. Maitland arose from his
seat and moved to the fire, turn
ing his back to Tom. Before the
eyes of both the partners there hover
ed a face which had led them, too,
to dream of a possible wedding day—
dreams from which they had so lately
been awakened.

It would be hard, with these mem
ories rising back to talk to their fa
vorite clerk of his good fortune; yet it
was not in Walter Maitland's nature
to let any selfish feeling prevent him.

"Indeed, Leslie," he said, "I am
surprised; but very glad, of course,
to hear it. I prognosticate every hap
piness for your wife. Of course I
cannot do so for you until I know
who she is."

"You know her well, gentlemen,"
said Tom, flushing. "Her father is
Colonel Connyngham."

"You can go, Leslie," remarked Mr.
Dart, without raising his head.

"And the holiday, sir?"

"Take your holiday when you
choose; only don't make such a fuss
about it."

"And there is nothing more you in
tend to say to me, Mr. Maitland?" in
quired Tom.

"I should say," remarked Walter,
with a jealous anger in his eyes, "it is
an irreparable mistake you are mak
ing to marry on your own income, un
less you had chosen a wife in your
own position and used to such life as
your mother's."

"My mother's life was such a life as
Isabel's, at Isabel's age," said Tom,
and for a moment his face was really
handsome in its flush of honest pride;
"and Isabel has known what my moth
er's life is for many a year past.
Would I marry her under any false
pretences?"

"I presume, then, that Miss Connyng
ham knows the extent of your in
come?" asked Maitland, with com
pressed lips; "or have you, in your
foolery, been representing yourself as
a partner in this bank? Her eyes are
open to the folly of what she is doing,
eh?"

"She knows everything, sir," re
joined Tom, his eyes much puzzled,
and a little angry; "and she does not
call it folly."

"You can go."

The clerk left the room, closing the
door quietly behind him.

"They must have had harassing
letters," he said to himself, trying to
account for the partners' impatience.
"They have a good deal of anxiety
which we subordinates are spared."
And thinking this he took his seat
and wrote away more diligently than
ever, while his fellow clerks wondered
over his mood.

When Mr. Dart reached the bank
next morning, worn and harassed
after his sleepless night, he found
that Maitland, contrary to his usual
custom, had arrived before him.
Though the two friends greeted each
other as usual, most unusual silence
settled presently upon them both.
Eventually the senior partner, making
an effort, remarked on the coldness of
the weather, and his companion, put
ting down a letter which he held, an
swered leisurely. But his pleasant blue
eyes were restless and rather dim,
and the moment the answer was given
the silence wrapped them both at
once.

For an hour the office clock had
ticked a solo in the quietness, when
Walter Maitland rose slowly from his
chair, with the *Times* unfolded in his
hand, and letting the paper fall, came
and stood upon the rug beside his
friend, who had just re-entered from
the bank. Very gently he laid his
hand upon his senior's shoulder.

"Dart, old friend! I want to speak
a few words to you in great earnest
ness. Since we met yesterday morn
ing, I have grown to feel quite cer
tain of one thing—quite. The time
has not in reality been very long, but
it seemed so, and gave me plenty of
opportunity for thought; and what I
have grown to feel so sure of is this:
I shall never marry now."

"Nor I," replied Maurice, meaning
it as men do not often mean the
phrase, though they utter it as firmly.

"I—fancied not. Now we are both
wealthy men, Dart," continued Wal
ter, bravely and gently, "and this
wealth we offered a day or two ago, to
Isabel Connyngham. You guess what
I am going to say? Shall she benefit
by our—love for her?"

The senior partner looked up slow
ly, questioning. A thought which had
been haunting him all night made the
full meaning of these words quite
plain to him.

"Yes I see you have felt this," re
sumed Walter, quietly, "just as I have
felt it. I see that my words only
come as an ending to your thought.
I understand how it put itself to you.
Leslie has invested all his father's
savings—all his patrimony, as one
may say—in our bank, and spends
his whole days here most constien
tiously, most trustworthily. All he
draws for this cannot keep a house
which we—you and I—like to picture
as Isabel's home. And then his moth

er has to be provided for. You think,
Dart, that it would not hurt us, and
could not make any difference to Cap
tain Dart, who has no voice in any
bank matters—if Leslie had power to
draw what would keep them more
comfortably. In short—in short, old
fellow! you would make him equal
partner with me."

"With ourselves," said Mr. Dart,
shortly—"with ourselves, you mean?
If we were all equal partners—"

"Let us discuss it this afternoon.
Think it over till then, Maurice," put
in Walter, feeling that the senior part
ner should have time to make his de
cision; "we will talk it over again."

The discussion was duly held that
afternoon, in the partners' private
room: then Tom was summoned to
hear the result of it. Though not a
long interview, it was one impossible
to describe—for how could any words
show the utter failure of Mr. Dart's
efforts to maintain his grave reserve
through Tom's extravagant, boyish,
humble, proud, ridiculous gratitude?
Or, describe Walter Maitland's per
sistent (though always disregarded) as
surance that, as Mr. Dart had decided
to make this arrangement, he was very
glad to accede to it? And, after that
interview who could repeat the limit
less promises Tom made to his fellow
clerks when he told them of his mar
riage? Or tell how he reached home
in half his usual time, and put his
arms around his mother, with his eyes
full of tears—just as if he had been
thirteen instead of thirty?

But, above all, who could describe
Isabel's mute, wondering gratitude to
the two men she had given such pain?

"I am very, very grateful Tom," she
said, appealing to him with tears
thick upon her lashes; "but I would
rather not talk about it—yet. Let
me have time to think of it."

Quick to understand her wish, and
delicate in carrying it out, Tom left
Isabel, delighted that his news had
moved her so, yet wondering over it a
little too—because the secret of the
partners was so safe in the keeping of
the girl whom they had—not unworth
ily loved. But hardest of all would it
be to describe how brilliantly before
Tom's eyes that night there came a
vision of that identical brass plate,
which really met him face to face,
when, after his "holidays," he first
reached the heavy, familiar doors of
the Highborough Bank—"Dart, Mait
land, Dart & Leslie." "Co. was no
more."

THE CAPITAL OF ARIZONA.

Prescott, the capital city of Arizona,
our latest *El Dorado*, is situated in a
small valley or basin, surrounded on
all sides by mountains, and has a pictur
esque location. At the first glance it
strikes the tourist as being an extreme
ly home-like place, recalling many of
the features of a New England or West
ern New York village. The population
is now about 4,000 and is increasing
with wonderful rapidity, as the fertile
valleys adjacent and the rich mining
districts round about are filling up.
Most of the houses are of brick and
wood, two or three stories in height,
solidly constructed, and exhibiting
good architectural taste. There are
few Mexicans and Indians, and in con
sequence adobe structures are a novel
ty. The city is 155 miles east of the
Colorado river, 250 miles northeast of
Yuma, and about the same distance
northwest of Tucson, the second city
in the Territory. The center of the
city is a large plaza, now square, which
is to be occupied by substantial public
buildings. All the churches in Arizona
are in Prescott, and besides the Cath
olics, there are three Protestant minis
ters there. The largest of the seven
teen public school houses in the Ter
ritory, a two-story brick, costing \$20,
000, which is in the city limits. Yav
apai county, of which Prescott is the
county seat, is not only the largest in
area but the best populated of the five
into which Arizona is divided. With
in its borders are some of the finest
settlements as well as the most notable
evidences of prehistoric life.

Robert Bonner visited Orwell, Vt.,
recently, for the purpose of buying a
200-acre pasture for some of his fam
ous trotting stock.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

A WOMAN RECEIVES A PARALYTIC STROKE
THAT RENDES HER DEAF, DUMB AND
HELPLESS.

Last Thursday evening some persons
in crossing Dayton View bridge dis
covered the body of a woman appar
ently lifeless on the bridge. Further
examination showed that she was not
dead, and a physician who was passing
said she was drunk and ought to be
carried to the station house. Before
the arrival of a policeman, Dr. Schei
benzuber was called to the spot. He
saw after a short examination the wo
man was in a stupor, not from the ef
fects of drink, but apparently the re
sult of a paralytic stroke. He imme
diately had her taken to the City In
firmiry, of which he is one of the Di
rectors.

It appeared then and has since prov
ed to be a very peculiar case, about
which there is something remarkably
mysterious. The woman was evident
ly a stranger in the city, about thirty
years of age, plainly but respectably
dressed, and of attractive features.
She was given the best accommodation
that is afforded by the Infirmary, but
she next morning she still remained in
this stupor. Dr. Scheibenzuber con
sulted with the City Physician, Dr.
Pilato, and administered medicine, and
presently the woman came to a state
of consciousness. On being spoken to
she did not answer, and it was seen di
rectly that the unfortunate woman was
unable either to hear or to speak. Dur
ing the day she was subject to several
fresh attacks and was apparently much
depressed in spirits. Anxious to ob
tain some information of the woman,
if whom they knew nothing, the phy
sicians called to their assistance a gen
tleman accustomed to conversing by
signs with the deaf and dumb. To
him she partly responded, but her left
side appeared to be paralyzed, and her
condition was such that exertion fati
gued her. Apparently she recognized
his signs, but was unable, through
helplessness, to respond.

Dr. Scheibenzuber then showed her
the letters of the alphabet, at which
her face lightened. By means of this
in spelling out words a communication
was established with the helpless wo
man. It was decided to apply electri
city to her, and the application being
made had a most favorable effect.
Saturday morning she was much bet
ter and could whisper. Her first re
quest was for a minister, and Rev. W.
A. Robinson being informed, called to
see the woman. She appeared much
relieved after a short conversation with
him, and related briefly to him her con
dition and the way she came to be
where she is.

Yesterday a *Journal* reporter called
at the Infirmary, and obtained what
facts she could communicate. She is
now able to talk a considerable time
in a low whisper, and is improving
rapidly. Her first impression was that
the reporter was a preacher of the gos
pel, and after learning his position, re
quested that only the general features
of the case be made public.

The name of the lady is Jennie
Shandale. She is a widow, and her
husband, who was a physician, lost his
life in the great fire at Chicago several
years ago. Since his death she has
maintained herself by teaching, lectur
ing and writing. She has traveled
through a large part of the country in
the service of a benevolent society, and
has recently engaged in writing a book,
depicting the phases of Wealth and
Poverty. Her experience of the past
two weeks has shown the latter phase
in its strongest light. She had been
suffering from sickness when she learn
ed while in Harrisburg, Pa., that a gen
tleman to whom she was engaged to be
married, was lying seriously ill near
Dayton. Her own sickness had such an
effect on her voice as to almost prevent
her speaking. Taking fresh cold, her
speech was lost entirely. She also be
came deaf at the same time. Her con
dition grew worse, and on arriving in
Dayton she could not communicate to
any one except by writing.

There was no one to meet her on ar
riving in the city, and the excitement
had bewildered her mind. After mak
ing several ineffectual trials to be un
derstood, she wandered through the
city. At the Dayton View bridge she
fainted in a convulsion and knew noth
ing more till she found herself in the
Infirmary. She is not, she said, in
need of money. Her satchel, the check
for which had been stolen when she
fainted, contained \$15 which will pro
cure her provision for the present
need.—*Dayton (O.) Journal*, Sept. 15,
1877.

A SNOW-STORM.

Boston, September 21.—A despatch
from Mount Washington reports that
a furious snow-storm is prevailing
there.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

DON'T LOSE A MINUTE.

Keep busy. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do chores as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most. If you lack books, there are free or very cheap libraries, at least in cities, at your command. The man who does not acquire some item of useful information between day-break and bed-time must mournfully say, with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day."

THE NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIAL HOME.

We are informed by a gentleman of much intelligence, who recently returned from an Eastern trip, that this scheme is being seen in a new light, a happy after-thought having occurred to its originators, that of making it an industrial school for the deaf and dumb. This means that the pupil leaving a New England Institution unskilled in handicraft, or any deaf-mute for that matter, can enter this school, and under the tuition of master hands be furnished with first class opportunities to make a good workman of himself, at such handicraft as the establishment offers, and the selection of trades to be taught will probably be to include only such as are remunerative and stable in that part of the country.

It is clear to the sagacious reader, that such a plan, craving so much to recommend it in the line of education, for it is nothing less, can easily be made a proper object of legislative action, and some small appropriation per capita for all deaf-mute apprentices be secured that will enable the school to stand firmly on its infant legs. The work turned out by the various apprentices, it is fair to suppose will, ere long, be marketable and quite an income can be calculated on from this source. So that in carrying out the plan of a Home, which appears to have descended into a secondary consideration, the requisite funds will be in the treasury, instead of dependent generally upon haphazard charity. The labor of the young, the strong, and learning deaf-mutes, will thus be a means of aid in the support of those old and infirm, and the mutual blending of resources ought to result in every way happily.

A USEFUL WORK ADAPTED TO INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB

We are indebted to the author for a copy of "Hutton's Deaf-mutes' Religious Primer," a neat little book of 39 pages, by J. Scott Hutton, M. A., Principal of the Halifax, N. S., Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, printed by deaf-mute boys at the Institution.

In 1860 the author's "Elementary Course of Religious Instruction" was printed for the use of the pupils of the Halifax Institution, and the work is now being used in various institutions for the deaf and dumb in America, England and Australia. To render it still more useful it has been revised, re-cast, improved and extended with much care, and in reality, forms a new book. Part III of the new edition was published in 1872, under the title of "Deaf-mutes' Primary Catechism," and is now followed by Part I, called the Deaf-mutes' Religious Primer.

The complete "Course" consists of Four Parts. The other Parts will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Part I treats of a series of simple sentences, of elementary conceptions of God and the soul, of practical duties of morality and religion, such as may be taught by natural signs to deaf-mutes in the early months of their early instruction, and contains the names of the principal scripture characters, &c.; subjects interesting for pantomime on the stage.

Part II gives, in the simplest language, the leading facts of the old and new testament history, in connection with the scripture names previously learned. Part III is a "Primary Catechism of Revealed Religion," with scripture references, and an appendix of short passages of scripture, practical teachings of the word of God, carefully selected for daily exercises of morning and evening in Institutions, and intended to be committed to memory by the pupils. The Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments are also added. Words and phrases likely to present special difficulty to the learner, or requiring special attention and explanation are printed in bolder type, serving the same purpose for the eye of the deaf-mute as emphasis does for the speaking child.

Part IV embraces questions on the preceding parts, without answers. The synonymous forms of interrogation, occurring in the work, are to be reproduced and grouped together, or bracketed, in a place by themselves, a feature which will be found useful.

The book, before us, strongly recommends itself for use in all Institutions for deaf-mute instruction, is a worthy tribute to its author, and reflects much credit for the pupils who did its printing.

VERY LARGE AND FINE.

Our friend Lawrence N. Jones, of Sand Hill, brought us half a bushel of early rose potatoes last Saturday, which were the finest and largest we have seen this season—clipping anything in the line of potatoes that we noticed at the county fair, both for beauty and size. Many thanks friend Jones, and if you ever get to be a printer we will return the favor if possible.

CHURCH SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The deaf-mutes of Cambridgeport, Mass., are invited to attend a service in the Sunday school room of St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, the 30th inst., at 10:30 A. M., and those of Boston in St. Paul's Church, at 3 P. M. The services will be conducted by Mr. Job Turner.

HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

This Institution is a providential reality. It is situated at No. 220 East Thirtieth Street, New York. It seems to have been forgotten by most of the deaf-mutes of our country for the last six months. It needs constant donations to provide for its inmates. Please communicate with the General Manager of "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes," Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., No. 9 West 18th St., New York city.

A DEAF-MUTE REGAINING HIS HEARING.

CROWN POINT CENTRE, N. J., Sept. 12.—Harrison Burt and wife, both deaf-mutes, live at Buck Hollow, and are an industrious, intelligent and thrifty young couple. While at work in the Crown Point Iron Mines at Hammondville, recently, Mr. Burt was assisting to drill out an old charge, when it exploded, nearly killing him. One arm had to be amputated, one eye was blown entirely out, and the other injured seriously, and his system generally racked and lacerated. Strange to say, the concussion completely restored his sense of hearing, which had been entirely dormant since he had scarlet fever, when only four years old.

AN EXCITING RUNAWAY.

ONE MAN JUMPS OUT, ANOTHER IS THROWN OUT OF THE WAGON—BOTH INJURED.

While Jonas Bassler, Samuel Haines and Jacob Seidel, all Perry township farmers, were on their way to attend a recent sale and had driven to the Mill Creek bridge, the bolt of the swing-tree broke, the horse became unmanageable and ran away. Mr. Seidel jumped from the wagon and was injured at the knee. The other two remained in the wagon until they reached the house of S. B. Seidel. Here the horse ran on the side walk, and at last into the fence; some thirty lath were broken and torn off. The horse went along the side walk as far as the corner of Bellevue and Railroad streets, dragging the wagon which came between the fence and a hitching post. The horse freed himself from the wagon and ran to the depot where he was stopped by John Schappelle, the deaf and dumb boy of George Schappelle. Mr. Bassler was thrown from the wagon at the corner and was somewhat hurt in the side, while Mr. Haines managed to stay on the wagon.—Reading, (Pa.) Times and Dispatch, Sept. 6, 1877.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

Mrs. Shoop, of Delaware, Ohio, lately made Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Mann a visit.

It is more than time for the Institutions to open and the various institution periodicals to arrive.

Mr. Shepherd Taylor and his wife are said to be the happiest couple in Dayton, Ohio, because they have a little son.

John T. Tracy and Mrs. Emma Meserve, both graduates of the Michigan Institution, were married in Flint recently.

Miss Ellen W. Evans, after a lengthy visit to friends in Albany and vicinity, has returned to her home in Rome, N. Y.

Dayton, Ohio, has twenty-six deaf-mutes, all the voters of which have resolved to vote the working men's ticket this fall.

Mr. Levi Murray, Mrs. Ella Blood, Mr. and Mrs. Merrick and several other deaf-mutes were visiting the Michigan State Fair at Jackson recently.

Prof. Thomas L. Brown of the Michigan Institution, passed through Rome, N. Y., on his way west, making a brief visit to friends at the Institution there.

Rev. A. W. Mann conducted a service and preached in the chapel of St. John's church, Detroit, on the evening of the 16th inst. He then left for Jackson, Mich., for a service on the 18th.

The New York Commercial Advertiser had its joke before the Elms Convention, and this it was: "A convention of deaf-mutes is to be held in Elms next week. They go via the Erie railroad."

The Goodson Gazette, of Staunton, Va., of Sept. 15th, was the first institution paper to reach us upon the re-opening of the deaf-mute schools. Its presence was again very welcome as are all the institution papers.

Ransom A. Goodell, whom many of our readers have good reason to know, now lives with his father-in-law at South Jackson, Mich. We have not heard when it is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Goodell to go to house-keeping again.

Mrs. Louisa K. Thompson, a teacher in the Ohio Institution, spent a part of her vacation in Minnesota, with her sister Mrs. A. R. Hall, who is matron of the Institution at Fairbairn. She made many new friends there who will remember her visit with pleasure.

MANY of our readers who were present at the Elms Convention, will remember the fine oration of Prof. S. T. Greene of the Bellevue (Canada) Institution, and they will be pleased to know that on the 5th, shortly after the Professor's arrival at home, he was presented with a little lump of femininity weighing just ten pounds.

The Tribunal of Chalmers sent a man to prison for six months for alleged perjury because he had said that he did not hear one single bad word against Marshall McMahon in a cafe where he had been sitting a *dem-tasse*. The magistrates thought unanimously it was an obvious falsehood. Eventually the unfortunate witness turned out to be irretrievably deaf.

The Deaf-Mute Advocate, with its accustomed periodicity, fails to inform the public who delivered the oration which is published on the second page of its issue of Sept. 8, 1877, but who ever he is he seems to believe in the blessedness of the man "who bloweth his own horn lest it be not heard," when he speaks of the Illinois Institution (which perhaps but not gracefully, thusly: "As to the extent of buildings, convenience of arrangement, and management of the educational and other interests of the pupils, no institution of its class in America equals it."—Goodson Gazette.

The manager of the panorama of the St. John fire has very generously given free admission to the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution to the entertainment this evening—a kindness much appreciated by those who, being shut out from the social and musical enjoyment of life, are dependent exclusively on the eye as the source of intellectual improvement and enjoyment. Such thoughtful consideration for the unfortunate deserves, and we hope will receive, the support of an appreciative public. Give Mr. Clark and his coadjutors, this evening, a full house.—Halifax (N. S.) Morning Chronicle, Sept. 13, 1877.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson, a very intelligent lady, has been spending a year in Europe, and writes concerning a particularly attractive place to one of the Associate Editors: "We have visited several deaf-mute institutions here and have been received with great kindness and courtesy. The finest one is at Edinburgh, called the Donaldson Hospital. It is a large elegant palace-like building, of fine brown stone and perfect in all its appointments. So like a palace is it, that Queen Victoria wanted it for her residence when she was at Edinburgh, but her wish was not granted. The grounds are large and beautifully laid out; a very pretty lodge is by the gate, and a winding walk and drive from the lodge to the institution buildings. As you pass the front door you enter a large circular hall, containing a fine portrait of the architect and other paintings. Then we were shown into the council room, as they call it. This is a grand room; the ceiling is beautifully frescoed; an elegant velvet carpet is on the floor; sofas and chairs of rich damask are visible everywhere; paintings cover the wall, and among them is a portrait of Mr. Donaldson and one of his father, mother and other near relatives. In the centre of the room is a very handsome oak table, with pens, ink, paper and all the paraphernalia for business. Prominent in a corner is a case containing the silver tablet that Mr. Donaldson played with when a child, and also his pap-bowl and the silver buckles he wore later in life. Mr. Donaldson was a printer by trade and we found preserved a small and curious-looking newspaper, one of the first he printed. We saw a few other relics also. These are all treasured and valued by all connected with the Institution. In this room the Trustees and Faculty meet once a week or month as the necessity arises. The sick-room, school room, dormitories, bath-rooms, play-rooms, dining-rooms and everything are perfect and complete. It did my heart good to see, since a fine building so finished in every detail on this side of the water. We were shown some very fine specimens of drawing. Two of them were sent to my little girl; they were the work of a deaf-mute ten years of age. I hope to show them to you some day.

Mr. Donaldson left a million dollars for this Institution, and provided that the interest accumulate for a term of years, and that part of the sum only to be used, the principal forever to remain intact. One provision of his will was that all children by the name of Marshall, should be educated there, as that was his mother's maiden name and his love and veneration for her was so great that he insisted on this arrangement. Would that there were more like him. Hearing children as well as the deaf are educated in this institution. Mr. Donaldson was born in 1780 and died in 1864. The institution has been in existence twelve years. It was vacation time when we called and the school was not in session. Why they call it Donaldson Hospital I cannot imagine; it looks more like a palace; but they use queer terms over here sometimes."

Local Paragraphs.

The receipts at the Fulton Fair last week were \$4,300.

Lulu Huntington brought us her basket full of big pears last week.

Our thanks are due to Miss Carrie Barnes for some very nice large pears.

Barker Bros. make very nice balloons. We have tried them and know it is so.

We learn that Mrs. E. L. Huntington has been quite sick for several days.

Mr. John Becker is having a walk of Cayuga Stone, built in front of his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Matthews have lately been visiting friends in Bath, Canada.

Mr. Levi Hungerford, of Stone Quarry, is quite sick, but hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Mrs. Miles, of Michigan, daughter of Mr. J. W. Lawton, of this place, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Two old and respectable citizens of this town died last week—Kenyon Manwarren, and Stephen Snell.

Dr. Charles F. Wright has opened an office at Adams Centre. We wish the Dr. large success in his profession.

Co. "L" of this village, received their pay last week, for being called out in the time of the great strike in July last.

"Grand-mother" Wickiwey is ninety-four years old, but she went to the Fair this year and enjoyed it very much.

Miss Amy Prunne has returned from Weedsport, N. Y., where she has been spending seven or eight weeks visiting friends.

Levis Miller is preparing for holding another Oratorio—this time under the title of "Joseph." Of course it will be a success.

N. P. Webb has gone to visit, for a few days, friends in Onondaga and Orleans counties. We wish him a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Mary Bowne, of Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., was in town a few days ago to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. J. R. Norton.

Mrs. William Everts, who has been spending the hot weather season with her mother, Mrs. Ezra Mitchell of this village, has returned to her home in Texas.

Mr. Joshua Wadley, Sr., having rented Mr. William's cider mill is putting it in order, and will be prepared to take in cider apples in about two weeks.

Rhoddy Orvis, who has for several years resided at Sandy Creek, has come back here to live, and has gone into Rulison's store. We are glad to see him back.

Edith Huntington wants us to say that she, her grand-mother, Mrs. Allen, and her father have been to take a ride in their new carriage, to Onondaga county.

We learn that the Fulton Fair, last week, was one of immense success, receipts \$4,300, and compared very favorably with the State Fair, which was held at Rochester at the same time.

Miss Carrie Ransom, of Michigan, a niece of Mrs. George W. Stone, who formerly attended the Academy in this place, has lately returned here to pursue her studies at the same institution.

Mr. William Sainsbury, a jour. in this office says he has corn, some of the ears of which are nearly, or quite, as long as his arm from the tips of his fingers to his elbow. Who can beat that,—not the corn nor arm—we mean the story?

Frank Johnson, who has returned from a visit to his mother at Waterloo, goes into French's office to read law. Frank is to be congratulated on entering the office of one ranking, as does Mr. French, among the highest in the legal profession and we hope he will profit largely, and doubt not he will prove an honor to his chosen profession.

A few days ago while Mr. John M. Wing was working on the house of Dr. Becker, which is undergoing improvements, and while ascending a ladder he was struck by a square, falling from a scaffold above him, which gave him a deep and ugly cut on his head, which has been very painful and kept him confined to the house for several days. We hope to see him out again before long.

The funeral services of Miss Louise Sherman were held in the M. E. Church last Sunday morning. Rev. W. F. Hemenway, Pastor of the Church, and who preached the sermon, paid the deceased a deserved tribute in referring to her character as a Christian. Miss Sherman was a long and patient sufferer, and bore her sufferings with a cheerful and Christian submission. All who knew her believe that she has gone to the reward of the righteous. The afflicted relatives of the deceased have the sympathy of our entire community.

The Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company has settled with Mr. James M. Brown, of this village, paying him the full amount of insurance on his house, (\$1,000) and also the interest and costs. In 1876 Mr. Brown's house, on his farm, burned down. On some technical excuse the company refused to pay the insurance. Last spring Mr. Brown commenced a suit against them, which was to have been tried this week, but before it came to trial the company very wisely concluded to settle by paying the full amount, interest and costs as stated above.

Mrs. Simon Tuller has been very sick for a few days but is now considered out of danger.

Union Cheese Factory, of this village, sold 500 cheese this week to J. Hoozee, at 13 cents per pound.

Mrs. Charles Paddock is visiting friends in Scriba. We hear that she has been sick since she went away.

Mrs. J. W. Chandler, of this village has been quite sick for several days, but is now better and about the house.

The funeral of Miss Stella Calkins, who died last Monday, was held yesterday. Her funeral services were held at the Colosse Church.

We regret to learn the fact that Rev. E. B. Cooper, formerly Pastor of the Universalist Church in this village, died suddenly the first of this week at Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Last Tuesday evening, the members of the Helicon band and quite a number of others called upon Mr. and Mrs. Homer, and Mr. and Mrs. William Ames. There was plenty of music, abundance of large nice water-melons, and other refreshments, and a general good time.

The cats held a serenade and social concert under our window one night last week, which was quite amusing—for the cats. Just as they opened the prelude to the nineteenth ballad we accidentally dropped an old-fashioned bureau into the densest portion of the pleasure-seekers. Then they all gave three hearty cheers and a rousing tiger and stole silently away to their respective beds, and dreamed that the stars were falling.

A man named Darius Van Aulen, of Parish, had been missing for several weeks under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Last week the people of the neighborhood instituted a thorough search and his body was found, cut in pieces and slightly covered with earth, portions being found in three different places. There was a bullet hole in his head, corresponding to those fitting the chambers of a revolver found in the possession of his wife, and one or two other wounds were discovered elsewhere. The head was severed and the body was without any kind of clothing, without flesh, and presented a ghastly appearance—sickening to behold. District Attorney Lamoree and a coroner were sent for and an inquest was held the verdict of which was that Van Aulen came to his death by the hands of his wife, who, under suspicion has previously been lodged in Palaski Jail.

BASE BALL.

About a week ago, parties came down from Parish and informed the Mexicans by hand bills, &c., that there would be a base ball Tournament in Parish the 19th and 20th inst., to participate in which the Ontarios of Mexico were cordially invited. The prizes offered were as follows: \$50 for first money and \$20 for second; and one of the committee at the same time informed the captain of the Ontarios that they could pick players from any part of the State they desired.

On the morning of the first day of the Tournament, the Ontarios presented themselves upon the grounds of the Tournament, and were told by the committee that they were to play against the Cicero Browns for first money, and that the game would be called at 3 P. M. At the time and place above mentioned the Ontarios appeared, tendered their money and offered to play, but were ruled out by the committee because they had Dorgan, of Syracuse, to catch for them. Mr. Didier, captain of the Ontarios, insisted that the rule of the Tournament was that any club might get their men in any part of the State, and that as the Parish club and Cicero had Chase and Onepoint, of Syracuse, to pitch and catch for them it was not unfair to have Dorgan and Nagle of Syracuse, to catch and pitch for the Ontarios. But the Ontarios were ruled out of the Tournament, nevertheless.

On the morning of the 20th inst., the Ontarios sent a challenge to Parish stating that they would play any nine in Parish for \$250 on the Ontarios' grounds in Mexico and that they, the Ontarios, would give the Parish nine \$25 in cash to pay their expenses. No reply was received to this, except that the committee of the Parish Tournament would pick out nine men from the Syracuse nine, Mutuals of Tully, and Salina Browns, and the Parish nine to play the Ontarios for \$25 on a side. Within one hour and a half after the dispatch was received in Mexico the Ontarios were in Parish playing the picked nine.

The game was called at the end of the 8th innings, on account of darkness, when the score stood 1 and 1.

Mr. Dorgan had no pass balls. Umpire, Mr. Campbell of Sand Banks. Time of game one hour.

The game was called a draw and all bets off. It is earnestly hoped in Mexico, that when Parish has another Tournament, there will be some order and system about it, and that the committee on ground arrangements will not be governed by a crowd of roughs, and also that the Parish sporting men will bring a little money with them if they intend to back their (Parish club) one player Trowbridge.

John F. Lewis, a colored man living near Elmira, N. Y., stopped at the imminent peril of his own life, a runaway team and so saved Mrs. C. J. Langdon, her child and nurse, who was returning from a visit to "Mark Twain." The rescued lady's husband gave him \$1,000, the holder of a \$400 mortgage on his farm canceled it, another gentleman gave him \$25, and "Mark Twain" gave him \$50 and a complete set of his works.

ALL SORTS.

If an author would compose a sensible book, he should be himself composed.

A new shade of red, between scarlet and crimson, will be the predominating bright color next season.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it frequently is as bad as he who originally uttered it.

A pleasant jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

A mouth that is kissed does not lose its capacity, but renews it, like the moon. An experiment will prove it.

The way some people can keep their names untarnished is to make the boy spend half his time securing the door-plate.

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life.

Little joys refresh us constantly, like bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like rice cake, briefly, and then satisfy.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if instead of puffing a man up you should blow him up.

Since June 1, 1876, twelve million pounds of dried apples have been exported from this country—nearly twenty times as many pounds as the year before.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Perform a good deed—speak a kind word—bestow a pleasant smile—and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your bosom.

A big boy in a country school in Indiana took his teacher in his arms and kissed her. The unsympathetic school-mistress, who certainly deserves to die an old maid, sued him for damages.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse—whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

San Francisco drummers evade the payment of the license fee required in Nevada by persuading customers to write their orders on postal cards, which they furnish and then mail to their firms.

Somewhat a story has got out in North Carolina that Gov. Zeb Vance is giving five dollars and a chromo to every boy named after him, and he is accordingly being pestered by exceedingly complimentary letters from innumerable namesakes in all parts of the State.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has ordered the closing of all bar-rooms in that city on Sundays, and a committee of temperance men have undertaken to see that the order is obeyed. They have employed detectives to make lists of men who drink on Sundays, and the most reputable will be summoned.

The absolutely latest mammoth estate in Europe awaiting American heirs is the Van Fleet estate, left by an honest Dutchman a hundred years ago to be divided among the descendants of the third and fourth generation. Amount \$12,600,000. Heirs settled in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and California.

Some one who has figured out the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time, says it would give an average of 1,379 inhabitants for every square rod, or five to every square foot. The earth is, therefore, a vast cemetery, and has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.

Remember for what purpose you was born, and through the whole of life look at its end; consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the recollections of the life spent in giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world, but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.

The band of music in Grand Haven, Mich., consists of Mr. Lukens and the six Misses Lukens. They play on all the public occasions requiring music, such as processions and balls, and also the orchestra for theatrical entertainments. The girls are blondes, all of strikingly good figures, and two are very pretty. They wear black, short dresses, and hats with sweeping plumes. They make excellent music.

There was a queer accident at Bangor, Me. A little boy walked between two buildings, which are at first nine inches apart and gradually come together, until he was wedged in and couldn't move. His 12-year-old sister tried to get him from an up-stair window, but slipped and was also caught between the buildings when she had reached him. A large crowd gathered, and the children were only released after a hole three feet square had been cut through one of the buildings.

The emigration of carpenters and other classes of mechanics from this country to England is now very extensive. Twenty-five more carpenters, engaged under a three years' contract at good wages and short hours, have sailed. The American Consul at Liverpool reports that many American mechanics are arriving there, besides those under contract, and he desires that the workmen of this country be warned against going there, unless they have secured employment in advance.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE APPLE CROP.

A correspondent (J. F. C.) requests information in regard to the prospects of the apple crop in the United States for 1877. In reply we will say that the prospects are not encouraging to those who are fond of that fruit. Last year was the bearing year for apple orchards generally, and an immense crop was harvested all over the country, excepting Maine, where the caterpillars the previous year had destroyed the chance for a crop. This year is the 'off year' for bearing, as apple trees generally bear heavily only every other year, and the prospects all over the country, so far as we have heard, are that the crop will be a light one. The crop will be much less than an average one, but greater care will be taken in gathering and saving the fruit. There will probably be a fair supply of apples at prices ranging from \$3 to \$4 per barrel. In the State of Maine probably not more, perhaps less, than a third of an average crop of former years will be harvested.—Leviator Journal.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SEEDS.

Hon. Wm. G. Le Duc, Commissioner of Agriculture, has issued an important circular to the Division of Seed Distribution, setting forth that the Department has been distributing seeds of various kinds to individuals and societies for purposes of experiment; but that in too many cases reports of the results have not been received as contemplated. The object of the distribution being to promote the interests of agriculture generally, an intelligent judgment cannot be formed concerning the advantages arising therefrom, in the absence of data. In view of future distributions to be made, prompt and full reports of experiment with Department seeds are called for as comprised in the following questions:—

1. Kind of soil? Upland? Dry and wet?
2. Fertilizers used—how much and how applied?
3. Name of variety of seed—whether of wheat, corn, oats or other kind?
4. Date of sowing or planting?
5. Amount sown or planted per acre—broadcast or by drill?
6. Date of harvesting?
7. Yield per acre of grain or straw?
8. Weight of grain per measured bushel?
9. Causes of failure of crop, if any, and extent?
10. Was the season generally favorable to crops?
11. How do the yield, quality and time of growth compare with those of similar productions common to your locality?

Also, what new varieties might advantageously be introduced? What care is taken in the matter of seed selection in successive plantings?

TURNIPS A CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.

Major John Millon, a well-known citizen of Maplata, Macon county, Missouri, has great faith in turnips as a cure for the disease known as the hog cholera. So great is his faith that he has filed a claim with the State government for the \$10,000 offered by the legislature for a remedy for that disease. Major Millon was a commissioner in the Confederate army. While acting in that capacity, he had charge at one time of many thousand head of hogs, which were collected together in Mississippi when the cholera broke out among them. Immediately on discovering the prevalence of the disease he says he began to exert himself to save as many as possible, keeping the infected ones apart. He had on hand, also, large quantities of turnips, which he began to feed to the hogs. Very soon he observed a marked improvement, and then he made numerous experiments. He selected some of the diseased hogs and penned them apart. They were fed on turnips and nothing else and all of them recovered. He says his experiments demonstrated the fact that turnips are not only a cure, but a preventive of cholera. He has imparted the secret to many farmers in this State, all of whom found the remedy sure. Major Millon states that unless the hog is too far gone to eat, the turnips will cure him. The remedy is a cheap one, and easily procured, and it can certainly do no harm for farmers to give it a trial.—Hannibal, Mo., Clipper.

Now is the time to set strawberry plants for a crop next year. Set good plants on a well prepared soil and mulch them well with straw, tan or saw dust.

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A SOCIETY'S OBJECTIONS TO SOME OF JOB TURNER'S WORK.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The members of the Massachusetts Christian Union, of Worcester, have read with much satisfaction the letter which lately appeared in your columns from the Newburyport Society of Deaf-mutes, in regard to Mr. Job Turner's late attempts to establish Episcopal Church Missions for Deaf-mutes in different localities in the New England States, and desire to express our hearty approval of the remarks made in said letter, and to say that we consider such a course as Mr. Turner is pursuing both unwise and unadvisable, and which, if pursued, will be the cause of much dissatisfaction among the mutes who societies now exist, composed as they are of members of different denominations. We have no objection to Mr. Turner's establishing Missions of his new-found creed in localities where no societies now exist, but for him to disturb the harmony of existing societies, and to boast of his success, seems to indicate a desire for personal advancement rather than for the promotion of the spiritual welfare of those communities.

GEO. A. HOLMES, Pres't.
W. H. GREEN, Sec'y.
Worcester, Sept. 19, 1877.

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The term 1877-8 of this Institution opened on the 5th of Sept., with an attendance of fifty, hardly half of the names on the roll, but enough to keep the official force present very busy. Arrivals here are an almost daily occurrence since then, and at this writing the attendance numbers ninety-five, of whom some twenty are new pupils. There are enough, soon to arrive, to make the attendance considerably over a hundred. The Institution, after looking out for its old pupils, will continue to receive new ones until its accommodations have reached their limit, and then stop, no matter how many are knocking outside. This was its policy last year and some forty had to go away and lie over till this fall.

Various important improvements have been made during the vacation. A new school house 40x40 ft. and 27 deep has been put up and is almost ready for occupancy. The lower floor has been made into four school rooms 13x15, and the upper floor is utilized wholly as a chapel. It is capable of seating two hundred. This arrangement will relieve the entire buildings where school rooms now exist, besides, the internal arrangements of the rear, put the classes on an equality with all the world.

A commodious brick dwelling house, adjoining the institution, has been leased, and is used, the upper part as dormitories for the pupils, and the lower for the apartments of the Principal, the public parlor and Institution office.

The location of the Institution on Madison street takes up, on one side, a frontage of 115 feet extending back 150 feet on which are located four buildings, Nos. 103, 105, 107, and 109. On the other side we have 125 ft. frontage and back extension of 100 feet, with buildings Nos. 102 and 104. Way back in a corner is a small building used for a laundry. The plans contemplate still another building, conveniently near for hospital purposes. The above represent a growth of two and a half years of the Institution. Were buildings to be had in unlimited numbers, there is no telling where we would stop. It must be remembered that, with all this we have to steadily refuse applicants, and yet in the face of those facts, there have not been wanting persons with the cheek to declare in legislative councils, that the school is quite a superfluity, and that it is just as easy for that mysterious pile of India-rubber brick and mortar in the metropolis, to expand and take in everybody and everything.

Principal Nelson returned from his bridal trip to Europe on time, and is, as usual, hard at work. His two months' vacation, and his pleasant accompaniment have done him no end of good. But two changes have as yet occurred in the personnel of the corps: Mrs. Murphy assumes the position of nurse, and Miss Jennie VanTassel, of Nyack-on-the-Hudson, that of teacher, vice Miss Dora Hendrick, resigned.

C. S. M.
Rome, N. Y., Sept. 24th, 1877.

WHAT THE MAINE DEAF-MUTES THINK OF PROF. JOB TURNER'S TRIP DOWN EAST.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow us to say a few words on Prof. Job Turner's recent visit to Maine. If our remarks are brief we design they shall be to the point as down Easters say what they mean, and mean what they say.

We intend no disrespect to the venerable gentleman, but his account of his visit as published in your issue of Aug. 30th, to our mind, reads more like a mere pleasure excursion than like the pious pilgrimage of a missionary bent on preaching the word of God to his fellow deaf-mutes. We had looked eagerly forward to his coming, as to a time of spiritual refreshment with heavenly manna; but to our intense disappointment, he came and few of us knew anything about his coming till he was gone. Had he sent notice beforehand, and the same been distributed to the mutes living in the towns and vicinity where

where he stopped, numbers would have assembled to attend his services, devouring every word with the eagerness of Pharaoh's lean kine.

In saying we were disappointed, I but partially express our feelings, which can only be compared to those of one, who, having asked bread received a stone. You will readily comprehend all this, when informed that numbers of the deaf mutes in this section of the good old Pine Tree State have had no opportunity of attending a service in signs since leaving their Alma Mater, a period of more than twenty years. O! to think of any one in this Christian land being so long debarr'd from the privilege of listening to the preaching of the "glad tidings" in a language of their own.

As to the professor's established "Church Missions," they appear to be more on paper than in reality.

However, for one consolation, there is a society established at Belfast, Mr. P. W. Packard, with earnest and practical zeal, having gone to work in the right direction, and accomplished the solid establishment of the above-mentioned society. Funds have been collected sufficient to defray the expense of preaching for several months. There are numbers of deaf-mutes in Waldo county, who will doubtless gladly attend the services of this society.

Will not all well-wishers of the deaf-mutes, and all the Christians, without regard to sect, unite in a "God Speed" to the new society at Belfast, Me? Yours truly,

A. E. A.
Dixmont, Me., Sept. 18, 1877.

JOTTINGS FROM SALEM, MASS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Monday evening, Sept. 10th, the annual meeting of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes was held. The meeting was called to order by the President H. P. Chapman, Esq., and after prayer by Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, the president delivered a short address, briefly reviewing the work of the past year, and spoke of the present sound condition of the society, financially and socially. The president showed that the society was in a prosperous condition, and that the meetings and lectures had been well attended. The president's address was followed by the reports of the secretary and treasurer. The latter's report, the most interesting to the friends of the society, shows well for the small field in which the subscriptions are raised. The treasurer, Mr. P. W. Packard, showed that the receipts of the year were \$782.79, and the expenditures \$274.30, leaving a balance of \$508.49. This balance is placed in the hands of Trustees, together with \$500 previously deposited, thus making a total of cash on hand of \$1009.49. The money, deposited with the trustees, is not to be encroached upon until the sum of \$5,000 is raised. The interest of this sum, with what the members contribute, is to be applied for maintaining religious and secular lectures, &c.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the treasurer for his unceasing energy and zeal in behalf of the society. To him the society owes its existence, and its present sound basis testifies to his skillful management of its affairs. It is to be hoped, that the life of such a man may be spared for many years to come, and his usefulness be rewarded at last with a clear consciousness of having done his duty towards God and man.

Religious exercises have been held throughout the year, Mr. Packard officiating nineteen times, and Messrs. Rowe, Holmes, Atwood, and Bailey have conducted services. The meetings have been the means of doing much good. Several, who have indulged too much in strong drink, have given up the galling cup, and have accepted Christ's invitation to the "weary and heavy laden." It is very plain that the meetings have not been held in vain.

The rooms of the society are neatly and plainly furnished, and are supplied with Boston dailies and local papers. The local papers are furnished free by the publishers.

The following are the board of officers for the ensuing year: William Bailey, President; Hardy P. Chapman, Secretary; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer, and H. H. Chapman, examining committee. The board of officers remain nearly the same as last year, Mr. Bailey being the new accession to the board.

Prof. James Denison and family have been visiting relatives in Salem for the past few weeks, and they leave for Washington on Monday, September 17th.

Picnics have been very numerous this season, among the deaf-mutes and their friends. Fish-fries have not been forgotten as Principal Denison can testify.

On Tuesday, Sept. 11th, Hardy and Henry Chapman, Mr. Denison, and J. Albert Prince, a student in the College at Washington, went on a delightful fishing excursion in the yacht "Alpha." The party left the wharf about nine o'clock in the morning, with little or no wind, and returned at 8:30 p. m., with an 8 knot breeze. They went down to Baker's Island, six miles distant, which lies at the entrance of Salem and Beverly harbors. Here they fished, then cleaned, cooked and ate fish, together with some other nice things they took with them. After appeasing their hunger, they strolled along the beach which was well strewn with "Devil's apron" and Irish moss. The light-houses were visited and the massive structures of solid masonry were a source of wonder and astonishment. I have not time to describe all there was to be seen. I may in some future article describe light-houses both ancient and modern.

Miss Lizzie Lake is visiting friends here. Miss Annie L. Harshorn also made a short visit here recently.

The number of deaf-mutes in Salem and vicinity is now about twenty, not including the town of Marblehead, in which there are ten or twelve deaf-mute residents.

The dedication of the Army and Navy monument in Boston, on the 17th inst., promises to be a grand affair.

PERCINE.

HOW P. BRENNAN WAS KILLED.

While Patrick Brennan, an inmate of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was walking on the track of the Hudson River RR, he was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed. Erroneous statements and rumors compel me to pen the facts.

One day Pat was out swimming with George Herbert Peet, son of Dr. L. L. Peet, at 158th Street, New York. George, however, abandoned the water and dressed, but Patrick would not leave it in time. When George had retired, his brother, Walter B. Peet, and some companions entered the water and finished their fun. All went on their way leaving the unfortunate Patrick behind. A locomotive came along and the engineer, finding that his whistle was of no use, began to lower himself and by the waving of his hand, attracted Patrick's attention. But the unfortunate deaf-mute, after noticing the engineer's hand, took off his hat and began to wave it, standing on the road, facing the coming locomotive. The engineer, with all his might, ordered Patrick to get off the track, but he, laughingly, waved his hat in return, probably thinking he was on the right track; but the time was near at hand, and the engine struck Patrick and threw him into the river. He was buried in Calvary cemetery, Brooklyn. It is thought that he was adrift-minded and never dreamed that he was on the wrong track. Accident.

THE NOVA SCOTIA DEAF AND DUMB.

(From the Halifax Morning Chronicle, Sept. 13th.)

In requesting the insertion in the Chronicle of the following report of the recent tour of the energetic Principal of the Institution for the deaf and dumb, the directors desire to express their warmest thanks for the kind reception which the deputation met with in every part of their journey from all classes and denominations.

J. C. COCHRAN, D. D.
Secretary of the Institution.
Halifax, Sept. 7, 1877.

N. B. The institution is now re-opened after the vacation, and visitors are welcome.

HALIFAX, Sept. 7, 1877.

To the Directors of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to present the following report of my recent tour on behalf of the institution.

Accompanied by three deaf-mutes, I left Halifax on Friday morning, the 3d of August, for Musquodoboit Harbor, proceeding thence along the Eastern shore to Canso, holding public meetings at all the principal centres of population, then crossed the Strait to Arichat, Port Hawkesbury, Port Hastings, and thence through Antigonish to New Glasgow. We were 25 days on the route, during which we traveled nearly 500 miles, visited 21 places, held 23 meetings, and collected clear of expenses, a little over three hundred dollars for the funds of the institution. The route was almost entirely new, most of the places never having been visited by a deputation from the Institution before. With the termination of this journey we have, as it were, completed the circuit of Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces during the last twenty years. The following is a list of places with the collections made at the meetings:—

Musquodoboit Harbor \$19.36; Sheet Harbor, \$18.62; Jeddore, \$3.44; Salmon River, \$5.49; Ship Harbor, \$11.76; Moser River, \$5.69; Tangier, \$5.99; Marie Joseph, \$10.41; Spry Bay, \$8.50; Liscomb Mills, \$5.43; Sherbrooke, \$19.50; Port Hastings, \$20.51; Goldenville, \$20.45; Antigonish, (collected at two meetings), \$33.28—subscriptions, \$60.62; total, \$44.90; Wine Harbor, \$8.22; Guysboro, \$20.93; Canso, \$18.96; Barney's River, \$12.10; Arichat, \$14.20; Merigonish, \$19.47; Port Hawkesbury, \$8.08.

Owing to the kindness and hospitality received our expenses did not amount to more than forty dollars. The first half of our journey cost us nothing. Mr. Timothy Archibald, of the Eastern Stage Line, generously carried our party of four in his coaches free—while other friends along the route helped us from place to place in private conveyances. On the road from the Strait to Barney's River, Mr. Lindsey of the stage line gave us the privilege of reduced fare. It is impossible to mention by name all the friends in the various localities to whom we were indebted for aid and kindness, but I desire to tender to each and all our warmest thanks. The press are also entitled to grateful acknowledgements for the publicity given to our meetings.

The meetings were generally well attended—in some places crowded—with interested audiences. In one or two instances the wet weather, the demands of the harvest work and the scattered nature of the settlements affected the attendance unfavorably. On the whole, however, our mission may be quite successful—as much as I anticipated, and more indeed than might have been expected from the comparatively poor and scattered section of country through which the

greater part of our route lay. Often, during the last twenty years, in the promotion of this cause, it has been my pleasing duty to record the generous hospitality of Nova Scotians, but on no occasion have I been more deeply impressed with this noble trait of our people than in our recent reception by the warm-hearted dwellers on the rocky shores of this eastern seaboard. Respectfully submitted,

J. SCOTT HUTTON.

FANFLIRTATION IN CUBA.

THE SENORITA AT HER MASS INDULGES IN PANTOMIME LANGUAGE—ROMANTIC PASSAGES IN CHURCH GOING.

San Francisco Chronicle:—Mounting the steps of an enormous structure, I entered the cathedral of Santiago with Don Antonio. Every moment there would enter some lady in full dress, followed by a little negro or negro, carrying a chair, and a carpet and a prayer book. The slave spread carefully the carpet, placed the chair, presented the book and then squatted humbly behind the chair. His mistress knelt down, murmured a short prayer, then sat down and adjusted her large black veil on her uncovered head, fanned herself and looked around her. As soon as her black eyes perceived the face of an acquaintance she bowed slightly, with a smile. Ladies generally come to be seen and to be admired; hence it is not surprising that they should show themselves in their very best attire. They regard those who enter and fan themselves with a remarkable art.

The management of the fan is a curious thing in this country. In the hands of coquettes this elegant little instrument serves less to fan them than to express their sentiments. It has a complete language, more varied than the flowers, more eloquent than that of the eyes. The different modes of opening and closing it, with more or less rapidity and noise, have a thousand significations. During the course of the grand mass, sung in a low and monotonous voice, accompanied by the organ and by violins, my attention was attracted by a very pretty person, who appeared to occupy herself much more in contemplating a young man than in regarding the altar or her prayer-book. Her face somewhat long in form, had a mellow paleness that well became her style of beauty.

She darted at him the dazzling glances of two large eyes, capable of inflaming many a heart. Her hair of magnificent black framed well her forehead. Her nose spread itself a little toward the base, as if to let pass easily the strong breath of her passion. Her little mouth, with its lips of coral, opened partly from time to time to show two rows of dazzling pearls.

Soon the young man, who was near, saw her, smiled at her, made a sign with his head, and kept his eyes upon her. Then she began to maneuver with her fan with charming readiness and grace. With her small white hand she seemed to send to this happy young man all sorts of pleasant messages with her little instrument adorned with precious stones. I was very much puzzled, but, fortunately, I had with me Don Antonio, who undertook to explain to me the mysterious language. He knew the young man, who had revealed to him the secret of the signs agreed upon between him and the senora.

"See," said he to me, "at this moment she holds her fan entirely open and right before her. That means, 'I am enchanted to see you.' The fan half open would have signified a moderate pleasure. She has already changed its position. Now it is profile. She asks him thus, 'Have you not been sick?' Ah! now it is closed and perpendicular. That means, 'Shall I see you again to-day?' Now it is placed horizontally. She thus says, 'You must come. At present she is opening it slowly fold by fold, and so says the young man, 'The hours will pass slowly while I am waiting for you.'"

"See," said I, "the fan has fallen from her hands?"

"She has let it fall voluntarily," said my friend, "upon her lap, and has placed her hand upon it. That means, 'Do not fail; I count upon you.' She thus says to him, 'I have much to say to you.'"

This was all certainly very ingenious. This acted conversation stopped there. Soon the young man, who, doubtless, had obtained all the information he desired, gave another nod and withdrew. As soon as the young woman perceived this one, her countenance changed suddenly, her black eyes brows frowned, her open fan closed itself, and when the nervous sharpness subsided, she struck several blows with it upon her thumb. I quickly had intercourse with my interpreter. "That movement," answered he, "signifies, 'My heart will always remain closed to you, as my fan now is, and you annoy me.' To say so many things by a single gesture is certainly to be eloquent."

RUM AND ITS EVILS.

W. A. Bond, a deaf mute, will deliver a lecture on the subject of Rum and its Evils, in the Sunday school room of St. Ann's Church, West Eighth Street near Fifth Avenue, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, October 17, 1877. The proceeds are to be given to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Galland, rector of the church, will interpret for the hearing audience. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Lecture commences at 8. Admission 25 cents.

FAWKNER'S FOLLIES.

REQUAL TO AN INDIANA ABORTION SENSATION—AN ODD FELLOW EXPELLED BY HIS OWN LODGE AND REINSTATED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

BALTIMORE, September 18.—In the Grand Lodge of the order of Odd-fellows to-day, a report was made in the case of John E. Fawcner, charged with abortion. The facts in the case were as follows: Fawcner is an uncle and guardian of a girl eighteen years old, who is a deaf-mute. She was an inmate of a deaf and dumb institution, and in February, 1875, was pregnant, and produced upon herself an abortion. Two physicians were called, who pronounced her condition critical, and were of the opinion that she would not live, whereupon the Superintendent of the institution went to her, and in presence of the physicians stated to her that she was in a very critical condition, and that the physicians said she would probably die. She was then asked by the Superintendent who seduced her, and she answered that it was her uncle, the accused, stating the time. She made the same answer when asked who gave her the medicine to destroy the child within her. The questions were asked and answered by signs.

It was proved that the accused came to the institution in the month of October previous to take her away to get a pair of shoes. She did not want to go, but the Superintendent advised her to do so, and on the same day she went in company with a lady, and returned the following day. She slept that night at the house of the accused, who is a married man. On the 6th day of February following he came to see her in answer to a letter sent him by her. The witnesses differed as to the length of this visit, one saying it lasted from one to two hours; the others say from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The meeting took place in the reception-room of the institution. On this occasion accused brought his niece something done up in a bundle or bundles. This is all the evidence connecting the accused with the offense.

On the original trial, which was held before Center Lodge, No. 18, of Indiana, the statement of the girl was admitted in evidence against the objection of the accused. Several witnesses also testified, against similar objections, that the reputation of the accused for morality was not good. Upon this testimony the Lodge voted to expel the accused. He appealed to the Grand Lodge of the United States, who to-day decided that there was an error of law in the case, on which alone judgment should be reversed. The testimony of the girl, when examined on the trial, was to the entire innocence of the accused. The Grand Lodge of Indiana was accordingly directed to cause said John E. Fawcner to be reinstated in his Lodge.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

Professor Turner, formerly for thirty-five years a teacher in the Virginia Institution for Deaf-mutes, but now a missionary to deaf-mutes, is engaged in the work of establishing public services for the deaf-mutes of New England, under the auspices of the Bishops of the Episcopal church. The deaf-mutes as a class do not attend divine service as usually conducted because they cannot understand it. Mr. Turner renders the service in the sign language in such a way as to be understood by the mutes, and as to reach them. He has conducted services in several of our towns in Maine and always successfully. His purpose is to establish regular services, at appointed times for the mutes. There are, perhaps, 2,000 mutes in New England, and practically they are cut off from all public ministrations of religion by their misfortune. Mr. Turner will hold services at Grace church this, Wednesday, evening at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to be present.—*Bath (Me.) Daily Times, Sept. 19, 1877.*

CARRIER PIGEONS AS SMUGGLERS.

Carrier pigeons have recently been used in France to smuggle tobacco over the border. One individual employed eighty birds, each one carrying from a third to a half ounce of tobacco as its load per trip. It happened that one of the pigeons became injured and fell into the Seine near Paris, and on its being picked up, the fraud was discovered.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 30th.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—2 Samuel xii.
2d Lesson—Luke xv.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—2 Samuel xix.
2d Lesson—1 Peter v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Oct. 7th.

The Psalter for the 7th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—1 Kings viii, to v. 22d.
2d Lesson—Luke xx.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—1 Kings viii, v. 22d to v. 62d.
2d Lesson—2 Peter i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

BURNT TO DEATH.

Mrs. Sarah E. Davis, a deaf-mute of Yonkers, poured kerosene oil on the fire in her cook stove. The can exploded, scattering the burning oil over her. She died in St. John's Riverside Hospital.

A RICH GOLD MINE IN COLORADO.

Six miles from Boulder a mine was recently discovered having a solid ore vein, over one hundred feet north and south thick, and assaying from \$12 to \$58 per ton, whereof 96 per cent is gold, and the rest silver. It is 1,500 feet east and west large, and is very likely to eclipse the Comstock lode in Nevada. A road to the mine and an iron mill establishment near by must be built to make the mine a great one. The mine is for sale at a fair price. Capitalists can come with their experts and examine the mine before bargain. Address the owner, F. Rotter, Boulder, Colorado.

Mr. Rotter is a deaf-mute who has on several occasions written for the JOURNAL.

O. W. MORRIS.

The obsequies of Oran W. Morris, A. M., and late librarian at the Cooper Institute, New York, were held at Taber Mission Chapel, Twenty-sixth St. and Seventh avenue. The religious services were read by the Rev. E. J. White, pastor, who also delivered an appropriate discourse. The remains were enclosed in a black walnut casket, chaste mounted, and were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery for interment.

GOOD MORNING.

Mr. B.—: "Good morning, sir; I come to tune your piano." Deaf old man on the porch: "Eh? I didn't understand what you said." "I come to tune your piano." "You will have to speak louder; I don't hear what you say." "I come to tune your piano." "Oh! you come from Louisiana, do you? Well, that's good; sit down and tell us all about it."

BATAVIA INSTITUTION.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution at Batavia opened its doors again on September 5th. Judging from the notices received of pupils who desire to attend the number will exceed one hundred.

A DEAF MAN EXPLAINS THINGS.

"Augustus Peralto," said His Honor at the Fifty-seventh street Police Court "you are charged with being intoxicated; what have you to say?"

Augustus put his hand over his ear and said "what?" in a loud tone.

"You were drunk," shouted the Court abruptly.

"Certainly, certainly," said Augustus with great politeness, "there's my card."

"I don't want your card. How did you happen to get drunk?" "Bologna," said Augustus, smiling. "Bologna!" said His Honor, "that's a new intoxicant. How old are you?" "Eighteen hundred and seventy-two said Augustus."

"Where did you get your liquor?" "In Italy, Your Honor."

"You were taken to the station-house in a cart, were you not?"

"Yes, sir, we had a stormy voyage; it took us four weeks."

"Well," said the Court with a smile, "how long do you think I ought to give you on the island for this offense?"

"Thirty-two years, sir."

"Sergeant," said His Honor, "send this man down stairs and get some one to inform him that he is fined \$10."

A REPORTER OUTDOPE.

A mysterious deaf girl has been agitating San Francisco. A reporter went to interview her the other day and, while taking down the points, indulged in remarks which would not have been complimentary if she could have heard him. She stood it for some time, but finally emptied the coal scuttle over him, and pitched him down stairs. He doesn't believe that she is deaf.

A QUEER STORY OF A DUMB COURTSHIP.

A story of a dumb courtship and its consequences is reported from Blanchester, Ohio. About a year ago a Major Ziegler appeared there as a deaf-mute, but his eloquence, aided by his handsome person and expressive eyes, had tremendous effect upon the rustic belles, and soon he was the acknowledged lady-killer of the town. He looked and listened without hearing a word of their sentimental moanings and they declared him "perfectly lovely." Among his fair victims was a beautiful girl possessed of a round fortune in her own right, and her wedded. Thereupon he lost his eloquence mutterable, and talked in every-day matter-of-fact fashion, and the happy bride found that she could not reckon among the various forms of bliss in store for her, that of never having words with her husband; and he explained his imposture by telling a romantic story about some religious vow not to utter a word until after he was married. Then he sickened, and on his death-bed confessed his true name—he had married her as plain Mr. Avery—and had his "other wife" and children, who lived within one hundred miles or so, sent for to receive his last words. The lawful Mrs. Ziegler came, betraying no concern, except to collect carefully, after his death, the evidence to establish his identity, in order to collect a policy of insurance on his life; and now the belles of Blanchester are invulnerable to all mute eloquence.

ANOTHER REQUEST.

Miss. Maria Hobby, of New York, died in February last, leaving an estate and property estimated at about \$150,000. By her will, executed in 1864, she left several charitable and benevolent bequests. Among these was a bequest to the Deaf and Dumb Institution of New York.

DEAF MUTES TAUGHT TO SPEAK.

How many people are there who know that deaf-mutes are not dumb? Very few, we will venture to say. The common belief is that if a deaf person does not speak it is because he cannot. This is an error. It is because he has not been taught the use of his organs of speech, which are as good as any man's, unless there is some malformation. They soon learn to make words by putting sounds together, and are not long in learning to speak. To be sure, they cannot hear, but they understand what you say to them by watching your lips. They speak very well considering they cannot hear the sounds they make. They are inclined to speak down in their throats or from the roofs of their mouths rather than from the chest.—*Ec.*

BADLY KICKED BY A LUNATIC WHO PRETENDED TO BE UNABLE TO SPEAK.

Ambulance Surgeon Disbrow, on Thursday, in response to a telegram, went with the ambulance to the Fifth street police station to take Benedict Thorne, a lunatic, to the hospital. Thorne had been found by Officer Trass, wandering aimlessly at Third street and Avenue A. He pretended that he was unable to speak, and signed to the Sergeant to give him writing materials. Dr. Disbrow, suspecting the man of shamming, took his chin in one hand and his nose in the other, and pulled until the patient exclaimed "Oh, my mouth." The officers laughed, and the surgeon bound the man's hands, and was about to tie the man's ankles together, but the lunatic gave him a violent kick, knocking him almost insensible.—*N. Y. Paper.*

FUNERAL OF MRS. PALMER.—The funeral of Mrs. Palmer, wife of Dr. W. J. Palmer, Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, took place yesterday, and was very numerous attended by not only the residents in the vicinity, but by a large number of the principal citizens of Belleville. Deceased had been an invalid for a number of years from rheumatism, and for two years past had been mostly confined to her bed. Her death took place, however, very suddenly and almost without premonition, and to the bereaved husband and family the universal sympathy of this community is heartily extended.—*Belle-ville (Ont.) Daily Intelligencer, Aug. 31, 1877.*

DEAF-MUTE SERVICE.—We are informed that Rev. Job Turner of Virginia, a deaf-mute, will hold two services here Sunday next, in the sign language. The place of meeting has not yet been settled upon. Mr. Turner is a very successful revivalist among the deaf and dumb, and is popularly known among them as the Moody of deaf-mutes. A large number of deaf-mutes are expected to be present. He will be the guest of George E. Fischer, Esq., the well-known semi-mute of South Newcastle.—*Damariscotta (Me.) Herald, Sept. 20, 1877.*

DIED:

HALSEY.—In this town, August 29, 1877, Martha J. Halsey, aged 3 years 2 months and 25 days.

SHERMAN.—In this town, September 20, 1877, Miss Louisa P. Sherman, aged 20 years and 9 months.

MANWARREN.—In this town, September 21, 1877, Keonon Manwarren, aged 64 years.

CALKINS.—In this town, September 24, 1877, Stella M. Calkins, aged 16 years and 9 months.

MEXICO. MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spring \$7 25 Red 7 75 White 8 75
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail)..... 1 20
Shops, ½ ton,..... \$16 00
Shipments, ½ ton,..... \$18 00
Middlings, ½ ton,..... \$24 00
Corn,..... 65
Oats,..... 30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCTS.

Butter,..... 15 @ 20
Loose Butter,..... 12 @ 18
Cheese,..... 12
Lard,..... 11
Eggs, ½ dozen,..... 16
Beef, ½ lb,..... 05 @ 12½
Deer, ½ cwt,..... \$4 @ 6
Mutton, ½ cwt,..... \$6 @ 9
Pork, ½ barrel, retail,..... \$15
Pork, ½ cwt,..... \$5 @

WATCHES! JEWELRY!

Romaine gold, so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870, by the celebrated French chemist M. J. B. Laing, who manufactured it into jewelry and for five years sold it to the leading Jewelers of Paris for **Solid Gold**. In 1875, when his secret became known, ten of the manufacturing jewelers established a stock company, with a capital of \$100,000, for the purpose of manufacturing **Romaine Gold Jewelry and Watches**. With this immense capital, and the aid of improved machinery, they succeeded to produce all the latest patterns of jewelry at less than one-tenth the cost of Solid Gold, and of a quality and color which makes it impossible even for experts to detect it from the genuine.

We have secured the exclusive agency of the **Romaine Gold and Jewelry Co., Canada**, for the sale of all goods manufactured from this material, and in order to introduce them in the most speedy manner, have put up assorted sample lots as given below, which we will sell at **one-tenth the retail value until July 31st, 1878**. Send the list.

50-Cent Lot.	\$3.00 Lot.
One Gents' Heavy Chain, retail price \$1.00	One Ladies' Opera Guard Chain.
One Pair Engraved Sleeve Buttons, " 75	One Ladies' Neck Chain and Cross.
One Round Jet Pearl Pin, " 75	One Engraved Locket (engraved),
One Set (3) Spiral Studs, " 75	One Pair Band Bracelets.
One Improved heavy Collar Button, " 50	One Gents' Twist Link Chain and Charm.
One Heavy plain Wedding Ring, " 1.25	One pair Oxya Sleeve Buttons.
Total, 50 cents, 50 cents, 50 cents	One set (3) Oxya Shirt Studs.
For 50 cents we will send above six articles	One new improved Collar Button.
postpaid.	One Extra Cut Cameo Seal Ring.
	One set Amethyst or Topaz Pin and Ear Drops.
	One Ladies' Chemise Button.
	One Plain Ring, stamped 18 K.

\$1.00 Lot.	\$5.00 Lot.
One pair Sleeve Buttons, none setting	One Ladies' Opera Chain, with Slide and Tassel.
One set (3) Spiral Studs.	One Engraved Locket, with Chain.
One heavy band Engagement Ring.	One Gents' heavy Watch Chain, with Curb
One set (2) Engraved Bracelets.	Chain, (retail price \$5.00).
One Ladies' Leather Garter, or Ankle Chain.	One Ladies' heavy long Neck Chain.
One Engraved Miniature Locket, for the above	One elegant Chain and Cameo Locket for above
One Gents' Heavy Link Watch Chain.	One set Cameo Medalion Pin and Ear Drops.
One Lake George Diamond Stud.	One Pair (2) heavy Chained Band Bracelets.

\$2.00 Lot.	\$10.00 Lot.
One Ladies' Neck Chain and Charm.	One elegant Chain and Cameo Seal Ring.
One Ladies' Heavy Link Watch Chain for Watch.	One Massive Band or Wedding Ring.
One set Pin and Ear Rings, or Ankrhyst.	One new "patent" Collar Button.
One Extra fine Miniature Locket.	One Ladies' Chemise Buttons.
One Cameo Seal Ring.	One Amethyst or Topaz Pin (extra finish).
One very heavy Wedding or Engagement Ring.	One new "patent" Collar Button.
One Gents' heavy Watch Chain with Charm.	One Ladies' Chemise Buttons.
One pair Pearl Inlaid Sleeve Buttons.	One Amethyst or Topaz Pin (extra finish).
One Lake George Cluster Pin.	One new "patent" Collar Button.
One pair Pearl Inlaid Sleeve Buttons.	One Ladies' Chemise Buttons.

The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amount to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot; for example, our \$1.00 lot retails for \$10.00; our \$5.00 for \$50.00.

A SOLID ROMAINE GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH FREE.

To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of \$15.00, we will send ~~FREE~~ **FREE** one Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gents' or Ladies' size, warranted to keep true time, exactly as well as a Silver Hunting-Case Watch. By mail \$15.50. This is our best offer to Agent, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from \$20 to \$50: Gents' or Ladies' Watch alone, \$7 or \$8, with a heavy Gents' Gold Pattern French Chain, \$15; Gents' or Ladies' Opera Chain with Slide and tassel, \$15.

SEND THE LIST TO THE AGENT. After that time we shall only sell to Jobbers and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing one watch will then have to pay full retail prices.

Logic, Gold, and the best, and in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all the goods are made in the latest gold patterns. We guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or refund money.

Send money by P. O., Money Order, or Registered Letter, AT OUR RISK.

No goods sent C. O. D. while as at least \$5.00 accompanies the order. Address plainly, **W. F. EVANS & CO., Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada, 95 & 97 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.**